

# THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.

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VOL. II.

## POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,  
SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction drest.—GRAY.

### THE LAST OF THE O'NEILS.

To the west of a noble mountain, in the county of Armagh, which bears the name of Sheir Guilan, lies a wide expanse of low and boggy lands; which formerly sheltered in their secure fastnesses many of the families of ancient Irish, who after the battle of the Boyne, were forced to flee. Its inhabitants at this day may claim the melancholy and somewhat strange distinction of being at once representatives of the noblest of the ancient families of their country, and among the most abject of its present peasantry. The northern part of Armagh is comparatively prosperous; but there is, perhaps, in no part of Ireland more misery than in the southern part where the Fews extend. On the frontier of this district, next to Monaghan, lies the townland of \*\*\*\*\*, which, even in that desolate and wretched region, is noted as peculiarly possessing those characteristics. It is almost entirely a bog, traversed by causeways connecting the various spots where rock appears, and affords a sure foundation for a cabin. One of the most extensive of these rocks is the site of a long range of hovels, which were lately occupied by Barney More O'Neil and his family. In this sequestered place his progenitor in the third or fourth degree, a gentleman of courtly manners, took up his abode. He was amongst the adherents of James II., and instead of fleeing with that unhappy monarch to France, was induced, by the attachment to the place of his nativity, for which the Irish are so distinguished, to shelter himself in the Fews. In the residence which he fixed on, he was within a short distance of the ancient seat of the family. The neighbouring lake of Ross (Lough Ross,) one of those small lakes which form so beautiful a feature in the scenery of Ireland, contains an island, on which may yet

be seen the ruins of a castle once constituting that seat. As far as the happiness of the individual himself was immediately concerned, the indulgence of this predilection for his country was, perhaps, not injudicious.

It was the policy of the grantees of forfeited lands in Ireland to give leases for long terms of years to individuals of native extraction, who were, from their personal interest with the tenantry, better enabled than strangers to make the properties productive. But when time made the proprietors themselves acquainted with the country and people, and as the dominion of law became more stable and certain, this practice ceased with the necessity in which it had originated; and on the expiration of their terms, which were often very beneficial interests, the holders found themselves deprived of their sole means of subsistence. Such had been the fate of Barney More O'Neil's progenitors. In each successive generation some characteristic of their former condition was lost, till in him nothing remained but the fantastical assemblage of incongruous qualities, which made him a felon, but made it impossible to think on his doom without pity. He was the only son of his father, by whom he was left, in the first dawn of manhood, sole master and tenant of the long range of dilapidated buildings, which have been before noticed, together with ten acres of wet marshy land, on the verge of the great bog in which those buildings stood: these were his possessions, these and the proud inheritance of one of the first names in Irish story. While yet his soul was chastened and humbled by the death of his surviving parent, the toilsome and melancholy labour of his hands won for him from his scanty territory, the rent at which it was held, together with a niggard subsistence; but as the heaviness of grief passed away, his untamed spirit spurned the base occupation, and in sullen desperation he threw down his mattock. Want came, and with it came wilder and fiercer thoughts. He engaged in some enterprise of violence and crime. Its fruits were large; and he enjoyed them in security. His character became fixed: no sense of pride or self-respect checked his career; he roamed abroad

a savage, without compunction or misgiving. He married; and with reckless satisfaction saw children spring up around him without other prospect than that of engaging in their father's lawless practices. He enjoyed a long course of impunity: all the peasants around were ready and happy to shelter him from his pursuers. He was besides, though fierce and ungovernable, endowed with a great portion of his countrymen's sagacity. In extricating himself from danger he was not less wary, subtle, and provident, than he was rash, careless, and hasty in plunging into it. His influence with his associates was unbounded. Over them all he constantly asserted that supremacy, which, if successfully assumed, is the surest and strongest bond on human nature. He treated them occasionally with the utmost scorn and contempt; nay, often surrendered individuals to the ministers of justice; yet such was the ascendancy of his character, so complete the thralldom in which he held his companions by alternate insolence and familiarity, by rudely and fiercely scoffing them, or indulging the pleasant comic humour with which nature had so gifted him, that for a long series of years not one was found to betray where Barney More lay hid, or had been recently seen. When first he entered on his career he was a bold, high-spirited, ardent youth, with fierce passions, no doubt, and determined spirit; but without any alloy of baseness or meanness in his composition. Long habits, however, of crime and outrage, while they further exacerbated his spirit, deadened the generous spark which glowed in it at first; necessity forced compliances, which became gradually familiar, and terminated in meanness. Deception was needful, and made him a hypocrite, and a base and fawning liar. Guilt made him fearful, and he became a coward. Pride alone remained of aught that was even remotely allied to what was good. Premature old age succeeded habits of alternate toil and riot; and when I saw Barney More in the year 18—, he presented one of the most singular appearances I have ever witnessed. In the summer of that year I made an excursion, in the course of which I became for a short time resident in the neighbourhood of this uncommon man's habitation. His name reached me, and with it many a tale of plundered flocks, rifled bleach-greens, and *eloigned* cattle.

The counties of Monaghan and Armagh are in part divided by a river, which, in the fanciful language of the country, is called "Owin Cuugger,"—"The *Whispering River*." A series of hills, of that beautiful undulation for which the high lands of Monaghan are distinguished, skirts its banks; and though no overhanging woods grace them,

there are places where some scattered trees and bushes yield their clothing and embellishment. It was a fine summer evening, and the sun was setting with his last rays full on the bank, along which I walked with a friend, when the form of a man extended at full length struck us, as we turned round a projection which introduced us to one of those favoured spots which I have just described. His quick eye seemed to have anticipated ours, and without discomposing himself, he awaited our approach. Some exclamation of surprise broke from my friend's lips as he recognised Barney More; who, raising himself on his arm, accosted my friend with the usual salutation in Irish, "God save you!" The reponse was in English: "Ah, Barney More, you here! a good pennyworth this meeting would be to Jem Macken, the constable!"—"True for you, master; but the rook scents surely the smell of the powder; and I knew well they who came up the river carried none." "You're a bold impudent fellow, Barney, and it were a good deed to lodge you in the strong walls of Monaghan—a pretty job it was for you to rob Craig Kuran, after having been let off before by the people."—"And who says Barney More did it? and if I did, the magers! is an old ewe, and her two brats of lambs so mighty a matter, when the children were hungry at home?" "They said you had left the country, and I think you had better do so: you may rely you will be taken and receive no mercy." "And whatfore should I not get mercy? But be that as it may I'll never leave the old sod, while I have a hand to grasp a hazel that grows on it. I don't matter those Craig Kuran magers a rush; and if there was nothing else out against me, I would not care to face judge and jury to-morrow." "You're a wicked old fellow—I think the fate of your old companion, Larry Donnellan, ought to warn you." "Larry Donnellan, the beggar! and well he deserved what he got—the vermin! I tell you, master, if there had not been another cord in the province to hang that Larry with, I'd have lent them this;"—and so saying, he bared his breast, and exhibited the cord of St. Francis, with which superstitious Catholics sometimes gird themselves, by way of dedicating themselves to the Saint. All the violence of his nature seemed roused by this Donnellan's name; and as if no longer brooking his former inert posture, he arose. He appeared above six feet high, powerfully made, with huge bones, and large coarse lineaments. The character of his form was gauntness; it seemed as if hardship or excess had reduced the huge shape to its present lankness. His complexion appeared to have been once fair, and his hair, where age had not impressed its own colour, was of the



fiery red which characterized the O'Neils. He was meanly clad, and on his shoulders hung, in the Spanish fashion, a large frize cloak, of the gray colour, usual in the garments of Irish peasantry. I marked his visage intently; and methought could read there all that formed the character of the owner: I saw the ferocity about the nose; and in the flexible expressive mouth could trace the eloquence and quick sensibility; in the brow I observed the pride and sternness and determination; and in the glowing, quick-moving eye all the unquenchable ire and wild profligacy which belonged to him.

We passed forward; and my friend explained to me that Donnellan, the person in whose punishment Barney More signified so much satisfaction, had been a contumacious member of his gang; and had, by treachery, put his leader into considerable jeopardy. I learned also the meaning of the cognomen, More—which means *large*, and had been acquired from his bulk by Barney. Nothing, my companion assured me, could subdue the native wildness of that man's disposition; nothing could reduce him to the condition of a regular and industrious labourer. His delinquencies had been a thousand times overlooked, and had even served to introduce him to the notice of, and to procure him the good offices and counsels of the objects of his depredations. He had been often in prison, often tried, frequently acquitted from default of prosecution, and at other times dismissed with punishments of peculiar leniency. Over all, kindness and forbearance, and the most earnest exertions for his benefit, the indomitable barbarity of his nature had prevailed. In the enterprises which fell within his sphere, there was little occasion for the exertion of those qualities of courage and impetuosity, which, under all circumstances, have something in them grand and interesting; but if there was no romance in his pilferings and thievings, there was much in his habits. He was not, like the mean vagrant of more civilized countries, addicted to frequenting pot-houses, and the company of the vile refuse of society. Barney More did, it must be owned, indulge in an occasional debauch, and he was necessarily often in the places appropriated to the reception of the wretches with whom he concerted his schemes of plunder; but his inclination led him to haunt scenes of a different character. It was his chief delight to loiter along the banks of the soft-flowing river I have mentioned, and he would pass whole days in a favourite dell, watching the shadows as they fell on the waters. He loved to bask in the noontide sun; and at night would often pass many an hour at the end of his sheeling looking on the moon. But nothing would induce him to work; and he

was heard to say, with something of pride, that though a poor cotter, his hand had not grasped a spade for forty years. Of his name and descent he was vain to the highest degree; and notwithstanding all his crimes and wretchedness, there was that about him which distinguished him from the herd of ignoble malefactors.

Shortly after my rencontre with this wild Irishman, a gentleman from a distant part of the country arrived at the house of my friend one evening at a very late hour. His stable had been opened a few nights previous, and two valuable horses stolen; information had reached him that Barney More was concerned in the robbery, and his object was to proceed with my friend to the house in the bog, and endeavour to recover his horses. Before breakfast, the following morning, we set out with this purpose. Long ere we reached the house, its inmates seemed apprised of our approach; and several persons successively appeared to reconnoitre us from the door. When we reached it, we found Barney More's youngest boy, a fine child of twelve years old, awaiting our arrival. My friend asked for his father; and the boy replied, while he sharply scrutinized the other stranger and myself, that he "was not at home." But the tear in his fine blue eyes seemed to belie his words. We entered the house; and were received by the wife of the wretched offender we sought, with an eager courtesy and show of welcome which could not be outdone by the most accomplished hypocrite of a court. As soon as my eyes recovered from the first effects of the smoke which filled the apartment, and I could discern the objects within, I was struck by the appearance of a large quantity of dried beef and bacon suspended in goodly show from the ample chimney-balk. While my companions addressed their interrogatories to the woman, who assured them her husband had no participation in the alleged robbery, and was "just gone out," I was occupied in observing a fine comely young woman, who sat at her spinning-wheel apparently regardless of our presence. Her face was turned away; but her shape appeared particularly fine. At some order of her mother, she arose, and as in crossing the floor she afforded me a better view of her countenance and person, I was much affected with the loveliness of both. She was poorly, but not sordidly, clothed; and her attire had the merit, which prouder fashions want, of displaying the form in all its natural grace and beauty. Her costume was made up of a petticoat and a cotton jacket, reaching nearly to the knee, open in front, and confined round the waist by the strings of an apron which hung before. She wore no stays, nor shoes, nor stockings; but her hair



was carefully tied up in a tasteful, yet simple manner. I suppose she had learned to repress her emotions; for I could scarcely discover in her countenance an indication of concern at our visit. In my friend I fancy she thought her father would find a merciful enemy, and that she trusted he would not accompany the stranger if personal injury were intended to him; and I remarked, that with intent I suppose to secure his good offices, she dropped a curtsey as she passed his seat, and bestowed on him one merry glance of favour from eyes which were well calculated to do the work of coquetry. I am happy to say we left Barney More's house, and his wife, and boy, and lovely daughter, without being able to discover any thing against him. But his destiny was not to be averted: he was shortly after apprehended on a different charge, and though acquitted on it, convicted on another, and sentenced to transportation.

In addition to all his other accomplishments, Barney More was an excellent crown lawyer—that peculiar aptitude for law which the Irish peasants universally display; and long and bitter experience, the best of all tutors, had enabled him to understand most of the points which arise on criminal prosecutions, and to calculate the effect of the evidence to be adduced against himself. From the first he foretold his conviction on the particular accusation which terminated in that event. He was tried at the same assizes for various other offences; but the proofs of all were defective, as he himself had previously asserted they would be found. He was convicted; and a bitter sentence transportation was to Barney More. In vain did he seek to avert or commute it; with incredible address and perseverance he had applications made in every accessible quarter; his wife, his daughter, and numerous other emissaries were incessantly engaged in negotiations set on foot by his fertile ingenuity: all, all were vain, and the last of the O'Neils was conveyed on a cart to a transport at Cork, which bore him far from the land he loved as his own heart's blood. He is gone, and for ever; and has perhaps left behind him no such example as he presented of the strange union of the highest barbaric qualities, with the lowest meanness of the worst specimens of civilized society.

### THE TRAVELLER.

'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat  
To peep at such a world; to see the stir  
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.

### RECOLLECTIONS OF ITALY.

AFTER three weeks of incessant rain, at midsummer, the sun shone on the town of

Henley-upon-Thames. At first the roads were deep with mud, the grass wet, and the trees dripping; but after two unclouded days, on the second afternoon, pastoral weather commenced; that is to say, weather when it is possible to sit under a tree or lie on the grass, and feel neither cold or wet. With the Eclogues of Virgil in my pocket, I walked out to enjoy one of the best gifts of heaven. The country around Henley is well calculated to attune to the gentlest modulations the rapturous emotions to which the balmy, ambient air, gave birth in my heart. The Thames glides through grassy slopes, and its banks are sometimes shaded by beechwood, and sometimes open to the full glare of the sun. Near the spot towards which I wandered, several beautiful islands are formed in the river, covered with willows, poplars, and elms. The trees of these islands unite their branches with those of the firm land, and form a green archway which numerous birds delight to frequent. I entered a park belonging to a noble mansion; the grass was fresh and green; it had been mown a short time before, and, springing up again, was softer than the velvet on which the Princess Badroulboudour walked to Aladdin's Palace. I sat down under a majestic oak by the river's side; I drew out my book and began to read the Eclogue of Silenus. A sigh breathed near me caught my attention. How could an emotion of pain exist in a human breast at such a time? But when I looked up, I perceived that it was a sigh of rapture, not of sorrow. It arose from a feeling that, finding no words by which it might express itself, clothed its burning spirit in a sigh. I well knew the person who stood beside me; it was Edmund Malville, a man young in soul, though he had passed through more than half the way allotted for man's journey. His countenance was pale; when in a quiescent state it appeared heavy; but let him smile, and Paradise seemed to open on his lips; let him talk, and his dark blue eyes brightened, the mellow tones of his voice trembled with the weight of feeling with which they were laden; and his slight, insignificant person seemed to take the aspect of an ethereal substance, (if I may use the expression,) and to have too little of clay about it to impede his speedy ascent to heaven. The curls of his dark hair rested on his clear brow, yet unthinned.

Such was the appearance of Edmund Malville, a man whom I revered and loved beyond expression. He sat down beside me, and we entered into conversation on the weather, the river, Parry's voyage, and the Greek revolution. But our discourse dwindled into silence; the sun declined; the motion of the flequered shadow of the oak tree, as it rose and fell, stirred



by a gentle breeze: the passage of swallows, who dipt their wings into the stream as they flew over it; the spirit of love and life that seemed to pervade the atmosphere, and to cause the tall grass to tremble beneath its presence; all these objects formed the links of a chain that bound up our thoughts in silence. Idea after idea passed through my brain; and at length I exclaimed, why or wherefore I do not remember,—“Well, at least this clear stream is better than the muddy Arno.”

Malville smiled. I was sorry that I had spoken: for he loved Italy, its soil, and all that it contained, with a strange enthusiasm. But, having delivered my opinion, I was bound to support it, and I continued: “Well, my dear friend, I have also seen the Arno, so I have some right to judge. I certainly was never more disappointed with any place than with Italy—that is to say, taken all in all. The shabby villas; the yellow Arno: the bad taste of the gardens, with their cropped trees and deformed statues; the suffocating scirocco; the dusty roads; their ferries over their broad, uninteresting rivers, or their bridges crossing stones over which water never flows; that dirty Brenta; and Venice, with its uncleared canals and narrow lanes, where Scylla and Charybdis meet you at every turn; and you must endure the fish and roasted pumpkins at the stalls, or the smell—”

“Stop, blasphemer!” cried Malville, half angry, half laughing, “I give up the Brenta; but Venice, the Queen of the Sea, the city of gondolas and romance—” “Romance. Malville, on those ditches?” “Yes, indeed, romance!—genuine and soul-elevating romance! Do you not bear in mind the first view of the majestic city from Fusina, crowning the sea with Cybele’s diadem? How well do I remember my passage over, as with breathless eagerness I went on the self same track with the gondolas of the fearless Desdemona, the loving Moor, the gentle Belvidera, and brave Pierre had traced before me; they still seemed to inhabit the palaces that thronged on each side, and I figured them to myself gliding near, as each dark, mysterious gondola passed by me. How deeply implanted in my memory is every circumstance of my little voyage home from the opera every night along what you call ditches; when sitting in one of those luxurious barks, matched only by that which bore Cleopatra to her Antony, all combined to raise and nourish romantic feeling. The dark canal, shaded by the black houses; the melancholy splash of the oar; the call, or rather chant made by the boat-men, “*Cast Ali!*” (the words themselves delightfully unintelligible) to challenge any other bark as we turned a corner; the passing of another gondola,

black as night and silent as death—Is not this romantic? Then we emerged into the wide expanse before the Place of St. Mark; the cupolas of the church of Santa Maria della Salute were silvered by the moon-beams; the dark tower rose in silent majesty: the waves rippled; and the dusky line of Lido afar off was the pledge of calm and safety. The paladian palaces that rose from the Canale Grande; the simple beauty of the Rialto’s single arch. How quiet is Venice! no horses; none of the hideous sounds and noises of a town.—The buildings rising from the waves; the silence of the watery pavement; the mysterious beauty of the black gondolas; and, not to be omitted, the dark eyes and finely-shaped brows of the women peeping from beneath their faziolos.

“I am a lover of nature. Towns, and the details of mixed society, are modes of life allied to my nature. I live to myself and to my affections, and nothing to that tedious routine which makes up the daily round of most men’s lives. I went to Italy young, and visited with ardent curiosity and delight all of great and glorious which that country contains. I have already mentioned the charms which Venice has for me; and all Lombardy, whose aspect indeed is very different from that of the south of Italy, is beautiful in its kind. Among the lakes of the north we meet with alpine scenery mixed with the more luxurious vegetation of the south. The Euganean hills in gentler beauty remind one of the hills of our own country, yet painted with warmer colours. Read Ugo Foscolo’s description of them in the first part of his ‘*Ultime lettere di Jacobo Ortis*,’ and you will acknowledge the romantic and even sublime sentiments which they are capable of inspiring. But Naples is the real enchantress of Italy; the scenery is so exquisitely lovely, the remains of antiquity so perfect, wondrous, and beautiful; the climate so genial, that a festive appearance seems for ever to invest it, mingled strangely with the feeling of insecurity with which one is inspired by the sight of Vesuvius, and the marks which are everywhere manifest of the violent changes that have taken place in that of which in other countries we feel most certain, good Mother Earth herself. With us this same dame is a domestic wife, keeping house, and providing with earnest care, and yet penurious means, for her family, expecting no pleasure, and finding no amusement. At Naples my fair lady tricks herself out in rich attire, she is kept in the best humour through the perpetual attentions of her constant cavaliere servente, the sun—and she smiles so sweetly on us that we forgive her if at times she plays the coquette with us, and leaves us in the lurch. Rome is still the queen of the world.—

All that Athens ever brought forth wise,  
 All that Afric ever brought forth strange,  
 All that which Asia ever had of prize,  
 Was here to see;—O, marvellous great change!  
 Rome living was the world's sole ornament,  
 And dead is now the world's sole monument.\*

"So I have made my voyage in that fair land, and now bring you to Tuscany. After all I have said of the delights of the south of Italy, I would choose Tuscany for a residence. Its inhabitants are courteous and civilized. I confess that there is a charm for me in the manners of the common people and servants. Perhaps this is partly to be accounted for from the contrast which they form with those of my native country; and all that is unusual, by divesting common life of its familiar garb, gives an air of gala to every-day concerns. These good people are courteous, and there is much *piquance* in the shades of distinction which they make between respect and servility, ease of address and impertinence. I know not why, but there was always something heartfelt to me in the salutation that passes each evening between master and servant. On bringing the lights the servant always says, "*Felicissima sera Signoria*;" and is answered by a similar benediction. These are nothings, you will say; but such nothings have conduced more to my pleasure than other events usually accounted of more moment.

"The country of Tuscany is cultivated and fertile, although it does not bear the same stamp of excessive luxury as in the south. To continue my half-forgotten simile, the earth is here like a young affectionate wife, who loves her home, yet dresses that home in smiles. In spring, nature arises in beauty from her prison, and rains sunbeams and life upon the land. Summer comes up in its green array, giving labour and reward to the peasants. Their plenteous harvests, their Virgilian threshing floors, and looks of busy happiness, are delightful to me. The balmy air of night, Hesperus in his glowing palace of sunlight, the flower-starred earth, the glittering waters, the ripening grapes, the chesnut copses, the cuckoo, and the nightingale,—such is the assemblage which is to me what balls and parties are to others. And if a storm comes, rushing like an armed band over the country, filling the torrents, bending the proud heads of the trees, causing the clouds' deafening music to resound, and the lightning to fill the air with splendour; I am still enchanted by the spectacle which diversifies what I have heard named the monotonous blue skies of Italy. In Tuscany the streams are fresh and full, the plains decorated with waving corn, shadowed by trees and trellised vines, and the mountains arise in wooded majesty behind to give dignity to the scene. What is land without mountains? Heaven disdains a

plain; but when the beauteous earth raises her proud head to seek its high communion, then it descends to meet her, it adorns her in clouds, and invests her in radiant hues.

"On the 15th of September, 18—, I remember being one of a party of pleasure from the baths of Pisa to Vico Pisano, a little town formerly a frontier fortress between the Pisan and Florentine territories. The air inspired joy, and the pleasure I felt I saw reflected in the countenance of my beloved companions. Our course lay beneath hills hardly high enough for the name of mountains, but picturesquely shaped and covered with various wood. The cicale chirped, and the air was impregnated with the perfume of flowers. We passed the Rupe de Noce, and proceeding still at the foot of hills arrived at Vico Pisano, which is built at the extreme point of the range. The houses are old, and surmounted with ancient towers; and at one end of the town there is a range of old wall, weed-grown; but never did eye behold hues more rich and strange than those with which time and the seasons have painted this relic. The lines of the cornice swept downwards, and made a shadow that served even to diversify more the colours we beheld. We returned along the same road; and not far from Vico Pisano ascended a gentle hill, at the top of which was a church dedicated to Madonna, with a grassy platform of earth before it. Here we spread and ate our rustic fare, and were waited on by the peasant girls of the cottage attached to the church, one of whom was of extreme beauty, a beauty heightened by the grace of her motions and the simplicity of her manner. After our pic-nic we reposed under the shade of the church, on the brow of the hill. We gazed on the scene with rapture. 'Look,' cried my best, and now lost friend, 'behold the mountains that sweep into the plain like waves that meet in a chasm; the olive woods are as green as a sea, and are waving in the wind; the shadows of the clouds are spotting the bosoms of the hills; a heron comes sailing over us; a butterfly flits near; at intervals the pines give forth their sweet and prolonged response to the wind, the myrtle bushes are in bud, and the soil beneath us is carpeted with odoriferous flowers.' My full heart could only sigh; he alone was eloquent enough to clothe his thoughts in language."

Malville's eyes glistened as he spoke, he sighed deeply; then turning away, he walked towards the avenue that led from the grounds on which we were. I followed him, but we neither of us spoke; and when at length he renewed the conversation, he did not mention Italy; he seemed to wish to turn the current of his thoughts, and by degrees he reassumed his composure. When

\* Spenser's Ruins of Rome.



I took leave of him I said, smiling, "You have celebrated an Italian party of pleasure; may I propose an English one to you? Will you join some friends next Thursday in an excursion down the Thames? Perhaps the sight of its beautiful banks, and the stream itself, will inspire you with some of the delight you have felt in happier climes." Malville consented. But dare I tell the issue of my invitation? Thursday came, and the sky was covered with clouds: it looked like rain. However, we courageously embarked, and within an hour a gentle mizzling commenced. We made an awning of sails, and wrapt ourselves up in boat-cloaks and shawls. "It is not much," cried one with a sigh. "I do not think it will last," remarked another, in a despairing voice. A silence ensued. "Can you contrive to shelter me at this corner?" said one; "my shoulder is getting wet." In about five minutes another observed, that the water was trickling in his neck. Yet we went on. The rain ceased for a few minutes, and we tethered our boat under a small cove under dripping trees; we ate our collation, and raised our spirits with wine, so that we were able to endure with tolerable fortitude, the heavy rain that accompanied us as we slowly proceeded homewards up the river.

### THE DRAMA.

—Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,  
To aid her precepts and enforce her laws,  
So long the just and generous will befriend,  
And triumph on her efforts still attend. Brooks.

#### LONDON THEATRES.

**DRURY-LANE.**—An overflowing audience was attracted to this house on the evening of the 28th October, to witness the first performance of *The Enchanted Courser*; or *The Sultan of Curdistan*. The story is taken from the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, and the Rev. G. Croly is spoken of as the author. The drama opens with a scene in which the Sophi of Persia, and Almanzan, the Prince, receive the homage of their subjects, preparatory to the marriage of the latter with the Princess of Cachemire. In the midst of the solemnity, Almalic, the Enchanter, rushes in, preceded by his slave Babouc. On being asked, according to the worthy custom of Eastern Monarchs, what present he brings to offer, he describes the properties of his horse in very glowing and poetic terms. The Saphi is captivated by the description, and still more so on beholding the noble animal, winged and caparisoned for a journey, either on earth or on air. But Almalic's present is like a courtier's kindness, burthened with a condition not a little profitable to himself. He requires in return for his horse the hand

of the Princess of Cachemire. His terms are refused: even the qualities of his horse are doubted, and the Prince, in his anxiety to put the mettle of the animal to the test, mounts himself, and is carried above the clouds in a moment. The Prince having thus disappeared, the Sophi, naturally enough, inquires of the Enchanter when he will come back, and is answered—never.—Indignant at the treachery thus confessed, he orders the offender to be executed at the setting of the sun; but just as the sentence is about to be put in execution, the Prince returns in safety, and the Enchanter is pardoned and liberated. The first use he makes of his freedom is to hasten to the Valley of Roses, where the Princess of Cachemire expects her lover, who hastens to the spot, but only with mortal speed. The Enchanter, on the other hand, avails himself of his flying courser, anticipates the Prince, and bears away his lovely prize to the Garden of Enchantment. Thus alone with his intended victim, his purposes are at first arrested by the seeming approach of death, which threatens to make her his prey. By degrees her senses revive, and he avails himself of her restoration to display his power before her. Music obeys his command, and the place in which they stand is transformed into a sensual paradise. Dance and song are next administered; but the Princess, faithful to her first impression, is not to be so won. The last appeal is to force, but even in that he is frustrated. A ghost appears; the ghost of his brother whom he had murdered. His powers are paralysed at the sight—he falls in a swoon. In the mean while the Prince, who had contrived by some means to get into the good graces of Babouc, the Enchanter's slave, arrives at the Palace of Curdistan, or the Enchanted Garden. By a stratagem of Babouc, he is introduced as a Physician to the Princess; but just as they are about to make their escape, the Enchanter interrupts them and Babouc, either to save his life, or to preserve his influence, declares the name of the Prince, whom he says he had purposely introduced, that he might betray him.—An encounter between the Prince and the Enchanter follows of course. The Prince falls to the ground, but before the Enchanter has time to dispatch him, his brother's ghost appears again, and produces the same paralysing effect as in the former instance.

The drama is by this time worked up to its crisis. The Prince and Princess are both in the power of their enemy, who soon recovers the effect of his supernatural awe; but before he can renew his efforts, the arrival of the Sophi with his troops, both horse and foot, is announced to him. Going himself to defend his castle at one point, he commands his slave to repair to the other.

taking with him a talisman, of great virtue in such extremities. But the slave is faithful to his friend, and hostile to his oppressor. He dismisses part of the guard on one pretence, another on a different one, and thus gets rid of all but two, whom they easily manage between them. Then comes the siege, which terminates in the Enchanter being finally subdued, and the lovers restored to each other's arms, after achieving a full triumph over the foes of virtue and the Persian dominions. When the curtain fell, and Mr. Wallack, who sustained the part of the Sultan, came out to announce the second performance, the uproar between the friends and foes of the piece was so intense, that he retired without being able to procure a hearing. On the following evening, in consequence of some judicious curtailments, the audience towards the conclusion expressed themselves with every mark of satisfaction.

A *Miss Graddon*, a native of Ireland, made a first appearance at this theatre as *Susanna* in the *Marriage of Figaro*, which she sustained in a manner very creditable to her talents as a singer. Her voice, though not possessed of all the volume of some in the profession, is stated to be "sufficiently powerful to fill the theatre, and exhibits a very pleasing combination of harmony, clearness, and flexibility; it is, moreover, perfectly under the command of its mistress, whose ear is correct, and whose talents seem to have been cultivated in no mean school." Her reception was highly flattering.

**HAYMARKET THEATRE.**—Mr. Hamblin made his first appearance at this Theatre in *Hamlet*, with the most unequivocal success. Many parts of his acting, say the London critics, and some tones of his voice, reminded them forcibly of their favourite Young; but it was only just to Mr. Hamblin to add that there was nothing like an attempt at imitation, or an affectation of singularity in his performance. With a little more practice and strict attention to closet-reading this gentleman was expected fully to supply the vacancy which the retirement of one of the leading actors of the day must soon occasion. The only defect discovered in Mr. Hamblin, was the want of modulation and precision in marking his points which occurred in the impassioned scenes. His underplay, which was apparently without effort, and so far distinguishable from that of Kean, is said to have been excellent.

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### BIOGRAPHY.

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The proper study of mankind is man.

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### MEMOIRS OF MRS. BARRY.

THIS lady, who was famous at the latter end of the seventeenth century, was then in

possession of almost all the chief parts in tragedy: with what skill she gave life to them, you will judge by the words of Dryden, in his preface to *Cleomenes*, where he says, "Mrs. Barry, always excellent, has in this tragedy excelled herself, and gained a reputation beyond any woman I have ever seen on the theatre." Though Dryden has been dead these thirty-eight years, the same compliment, to this hour, may be due to her excellence. And though she was then not a little past her youth, she was not till that time fully arrived to her maturity of power and judgment: for whence I would observe, that the short life of beauty, is not long enough to form a complete actress. In men the delicacy of person is not actually necessary, nor the decline of it so soon taken notice of. The same Mrs. Barry arrived to, is a particular proof of the difficulty there is in judging, with certainty, from their first trials whether young people will ever make any great figure on the stage. There was, it seems, so little hopes of Mrs. Barry at her first setting out, that she was at the end of the first year discharged the company, among others that were thought to be a useless expense to it. The objection to Mrs. Barry at that time must have been a defective ear, or some unskilful dissonance in her manner of pronouncing; but where there is a proper voice, and person, with the addition of a good understanding, experience tell us, that such defect is not always invincible, of which not only Mrs. Barry, but the late Mrs. Oldfield, are eminent instances. Mrs. Oldfield had been a year in the theatre, before she was observed to give any tolerable hope of her being an actress; so unlike to all manner of propriety was her speaking. How unaccountably then does a genius of the stage make its way towards perfection; for, notwithstanding these equal disadvantages, both these actresses, though of different excellence, made themselves complete mistresses of their art by the prevalence of their understanding.

Mrs. Barry, in characters of greatness, had a presence of elevated dignity; her mien and motion superb and gracefully majestic; her voice full, clear, and strong; so that no scene of passion could be too much for her; and when distress or tenderness possessed her, she subsided into the most affecting melody and softness. In the art of exercising pity, she had a power beyond all other actresses. Of the former of these two great excellences, she gave the most delightful proofs in almost all the heroic plays of Dryden and Lee; and of the latter, in the softer passions of Otway's *Monimia* and *Belvidera*. In scenes of anger, defiance, or resentment, while she was impetuous and terrible, she poured out the sentiment with



an enchanting harmony, and it was this particular excellence for which Dryden made her the above recited compliment on her acting *Cassandra* in his *Cleomenes*. But there were several other characters in which her action might have given her a fair pretence to the praise bestowed on her for *Cassandra*; for, in no part of that is there the least ground for compassion as in *Monimia*; nor equal cause for admiration, as in the nobler love of *Cleopatra*, or the tempestuous jealousy of *Roxana*. 'Twas in these lights Mrs. Barry shone with a much brighter excellence than in *Cassandra*. She was the first person whose merit was distinguished by the indulgence of having an annual benefit play, which was granted to her alone, first in King James's time, and which became not common to others till the division of this company, after the death of King William's queen, Mary. This great actress died of a fever towards the latter end of Queen Anne.

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## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

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—Science has sought, on weary wing,  
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing.

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### MINUTES OF

### CONVERSATIONS AT DR. MITCHILL'S.

#### *Experiment of Sheathing a Sea-vessel with Leather.*

INFORMATION was brought that a schooner had just arrived at New-York, after a voyage of seventy days from Marseilles, in the south of France. She is the vessel that in the early part of the season (1824) went to transatlantic ports, with her bottom coated with leather, as a protection against the *teredo*, or pipe-worm. And, it seems, this kind of sheathing has answered all the expectations of its projectors. It has retained its place as nailed on the planks, without being at all displaced by the waves. It is, itself, proof against the borer, or pipe-worm; and has afforded perfect security from that enemy, to the wood within.

Yet there are other facts worthy of being disclosed. Within a few days, inspection had been made of the schooner's bottom; and it was found to be beset with an uncommon crop of barnacles. They were of the stemmed kind, or the *lepas anatifera*; and they might almost be said to have existed in countless numbers. They had attached themselves more particularly to the leather; as if this material afforded a better base, or

a more agreeable soil to grow upon. Several sets of the creatures in their living state were brought home for examination; and a committee, of whom the entertainer was one, had actually surveyed the bottom, as the vessel lay beside the wharf where she was moored.

It was observed that there was a singular variety in the structure of these barnacles. Every person who is acquainted with their organization, knows that the body is guarded by five valves or shells, growing out of the fleshy shank or footstalk, from which it depends. Now, in numerous instances, these valves or shells were partially or even wholly wanting; and their place was supplied by a soft or membranous covering. The body of the barnacle as far as could be observed, was entirely free from disease. An inquiry instantly suggested itself, whether this was to be considered a distinct *species*. The prevailing opinion was against that supposition; for,

1. Perfect barnacles grow in the same cluster, and from the same base with these deficient or imperfect ones; wherefore they are to be deemed no more than *varieties*, at most.

2. These imperfect ones may be conjectured to have shed their shells; and if so, this was a curious circumstance in their history.

3. The partial formation of valves or shells, had very much the appearance of calcarious matter under the process of regeneration or reproduction, as is the case of crabs when their coats are hardening.

4. The softness might be considered as a failure to secrete calcarious matter, as sometimes happens to the eggs of birds, which are laid with the soft membrane only, as a covering for the white, the yolk, and other internal parts.

5. It may well be questioned then, whether the establishment of this variety into distinct species, as by Dilwyn (*Art. Lepas*) and others, is warranted by the laws of classification.

Of four individuals now actually present, no two are alike. If it is proper to make such species as the *lepas vilata* and *aurita*, then it is quite as necessary to constitute two more, under the names of *S. bivalvis*, because there are but two very small shells and *cucullata*, because there is a covering

somewhat like a hood. They are all to be viewed as anomalies.

The bottom of this vessel having been scraped when at Marseilles, an idea may be formed of the thick and rapid growth of these creatures during the run thence to her place of destination through the Mediterranean Sea and the Atlantic Ocean. The chief questions to be considered are, whether their excessive increase on a leathered bot-

tom will be a serious impediment to the vessel's course through the water? and if so, whether any kind of varnish can be applied to the leather to repel them. The principal object of the experiment having been attained, it remains to be decided whether the advantages expected from it shall be lessened or defeated by an incidental or collateral occurrence.

PERPETUAL PERIODICAL TABLE.

To find the day of the week on which the first day of any month in any year falls, and thence to ascertain the week day or any day whatever, the subjoined table has been constructed.

DIRECTIONS.—Look in that column where the day of the week stands, on which Jan. 1 of the year required falls, and underneath in that column, opposite to each month, is shewn the day of the week of the first of that month. The column headed L shews the same if the year happen to be a leap year.

Jan. 1	Sunday.		Monday.		Tuesday		Wednes.		Thurs.		Friday.		Saturday	
		L		L		L		L		L		L		L
Feb. 1	W		Th		F		Sat		Sun		M		Tu	
Mar. 1	W	Th	Th	F	F	Sat	Sat	Sun	Sun	M	M	Tu	Tu	W
Apr. 1	Sat	Sun	Sun	M	M	Tu	Tu	W	W	Th	Th	F	F	Sat
May 1	M	Tu	Tu	W	W	Th	Th	F	F	Sat	Sat	Sun	Sun	M
June 1	Th	F	F	Sat	Sat	Sun	Sun	M	M	Tu	Tu	W	W	Th
July 1	Sat	Sun	Sun	M	M	Tu	Tu	W	W	Th	Th	F	F	Sat
Aug. 1	Tu	W	W	Th	Th	F	F	Sat	Sat	Sun	Sun	M	M	Tu
Sep. 1	F	Sat	Sat	Sun	Sun	M	M	Tu	Tu	W	W	Th	Th	F
Oct. 1	Sun	M	M	Tu	Th	W	W	Th	Th	F	F	Sat	Sat	Sun
Nov. 1	W	Th	Th	F	F	Sat	Sat	Sun	Sun	M	M	Tu	Tu	W
Dec. 1	F	Sat	Sat	Sun	Sun	M	M	Tu	Tu	W	W	Th	Tu	F

January 1. - - 1825, Saturday.  
 January 1. - - 1826, Sunday.  
 January 1. - - 1827, Monday.  
 January 1. - - 1828, Tuesday.

And so on, regularly advancing one day after each year, except leap year, and then two days.

LEAP YEARS.—1828, 1832, 1836, 1840, 1844, 1848.

*Explanation of the foregoing Table.*—Requiring to know the day of the week of the 1st of September, 1825? The first of January, 1825, in the list of years above, is Saturday, and in the first column of Saturday in a line with September, Thursday is inserted; consequently, the 1st of September, 1825, is shewn to be on Thursday; if 1825 were a leap year, then, as inserted in the second column of Saturday, under the letter L, it would fall on Friday.

When the day of the week of the first of any month is known, it is easy to ascertain the same of any date in that month, so that by the help of this table, the week, day of any date, may be readily ascertained, and in a great degree, as far as respects time, it will answer the purpose of an almanac.



## SCIENTIFIC NOTICE.

**NATIVE OIL OF LAUREL.**—A species of laurel tree has recently been brought into more particular notice than heretofore in South America, which promises to be of considerable importance to commerce, medicine, and the arts. It grows in the district between the rivers Parima and Orinoco, and is remarkable for yielding from incision a copious supply of native oil, resembling the essential oils obtained by artificial processes, though more volatile and highly rectified than any of them, its specific gravity hardly exceeding that of alcohol.

## LITERATURE.

If criticisms are wrong, they fall to the ground of themselves: if they are just, all that can be said against them, does not defeat them. The critics never yet hurt a good work. MARQUIS D'ARGENS

## LORD BYRON IN A STORM.

THE following extracts are from a little work just published in London, entitled "A Narrative of Lord Byron's Voyage to Sicily, Corsica, and Sardinia, in the year 1821; compiled from minutes made during the voyage by the passengers, and extracts from the journal of his Lordship's yacht, *Mazeppa*, kept by Captain Benson, R. N., commander."

Sailors say that a calm always precedes a storm; and we had reason to give into such presentiments, for the next morning the wind, which had blown from the south-west, with a light gale, suddenly changed to the opposite point of the compass, and came down with sweeping vengeance. We close-reefed our sails and made all snug; the captain and Captain F——n declaring we should have to encounter a strong "Levanter," all our efforts were strained to double the head-land, and get into the gulf of St. Fiorenzo, but in vain; so that a whole day was spent in tacking and veering to, close in with the land, to no purpose. Sea-sickness now laid all our ladies and gentlemen "on their beam ends." The sun set angrily, and the wind, veering to the westward, brought us upon a lee-shore to our utter dismay. We reduced our sails to a few yards of canvass, and lowered the yards on deck. The sky appeared as an extensive sheet of lightning, and peals of thunder overhead appeared as if ready to dispart the vessel, and bury us in the waves which rolled over the vessel with irresistible force. His Lordship, with Captain F——, Dr. Peto, and Percy S——, kept the deck, and the hatches were battened down over the rest of our

company; a tremendous sea carried away the boat which was hoisted up at the stern, and broke in all the bulk-heads of the quarters. For our own safety, all hands, after being revived with a dram, began to throw overboard the guns, Lord Byron himself assisting in this painful duty; the long-boat was then released from her lashings, and as we wished, the waves soon swept her from the deck; our two cows and goats shared the same fate, as well as one of the horses; the others were in the hold, and to that they owed their preservation. The two large anchors were cut from the bows, and the vessel thus eased of a heavy top-load, danced more lightly over the tremendous billows, and inspired us with fresh hopes. The crew were all ordered to the after part of the deck, and again refreshed with liquor. A light was seen apparently in the clouds, which shone from some mountaineer's cottage; it gleamed with a sickly hue through the storm, and the sailors, with true Italian superstition, pronounced it "St. Peter's watch-light" to show us to the grave; indeed, we were all inclined to think it forboded no good, as the Captain (Benson) informed us that there was no light-house on that part of the coast, and we must be very near the land to see the light so plainly. We soon saw the high mountains. The Captain, who had been anxiously looking out, acquainted us, so as not to be heard by the crew, that he saw breakers nearly a-head, and had no hopes of being able to weather them. Captain F——n coincided in this opinion, to which his Lordship said, "Well, we are all born to die—I shall go with regret, but certainly not with fear."

The breakers were now visible to all the crew, to whom his Lordship gave his advice to lash themselves to the yards, which they did. Captain F——n and Captain Benson took the helm; his Lordship descended to the cabin, where all were too much afraid to be sensible of their danger, nor could they be roused by any exertion of his; he came up with a scent-box in his hand, which he placed by his side, and sat down; he had not sat long when he asked, "Is there any chance?" to which he was answered, "None whatever." "Then," said he, rising, "it is every man's duty to endeavour to preserve the life God has given him; so I advise you all to strip; swimming, indeed, can be of little use in these billows; but as children, when tired with crying sink placidly to repose, we, when exhausted with struggling, shall die the easier; and with God's blessing, we shall soon be at rest."—His Lordship then threw off every thing but his trousers, and binding his silk neckcloth round his loins, he sat down and folded his arms across his chest, waiting, in tranquil

resignation, his fate. Captain F——n was removing some dollars from his coat into the pocket of his smallclothes, which his Lordship observing, smiled and said, "F——n, do you mean that as a ballast to sink you sooner, or as a bribe to Neptune to give you a good birth in his watery palace?"—The sun was now nearly an hour high, but all was like the twilight of the grave. The sea was long and heavy, and as it broke on the rocks, the crash struck the ear as though a forest of lofty oaks were falling by a whirlwind. The countenance of his Lordship never changed whilst the person who writes this had power to view it.

The breakers now were not a quarter of a mile distant on the lee-bow, when Captain Benson remarked to his Lordship, "Our only chance is to put away a point before the wind, or we are sure to go broadside into the surf and perish at once." "As you like," said his Lordship, raising his head and looking on the danger: he then resumed his former position. A heavy surge now swept the vessel fore and aft, and carried overboard the doctor, who instantly sank to rise no more. His Lordship exclaimed, "Good God!" and at that moment the vessel rose on a mountain billow to a tremendous height, from whose summit she descended with the velocity of lightning, as if she was going to bury herself in the remorseless deep. By this rapid movement she was precipitated forward beyond the reach of the breakers that rolled behind her stern, and burst in impotence as if incensed at the loss of their destined prey. "We are safe," exclaimed Captain F——n and Benson; "jump, men, from the yards, and make sail." This they did with tumultuous joy, which his Lordship checked, and told them, "Whilst you are working, silently thank God for your miraculous preservation."—He then went below, and bringing up a bottle, bade every one drink, himself pledging them. His Lordship comforted those below with assurances of safety, and the vessel was laid to, under "snug canvass," in the mouth of the Gulf of St. Fiorenzo, with every part of which the captain was well acquainted. The sea on which the vessel rose was the means of her preservation; probably there was not, if the sea had been calm, a depth of two feet water on the rocks over which she passed: but the sea carried her safe over at a moment when every hope, but that of immortality, was gone.

The vessel now rode smoothly, and the hour of eight being arrived, all the party were enabled to sit up, and take coffee. The doctor was missed, and his loss occasioned sincere regret; not that he had left a memory behind him either to be beloved or lamented. As there was a thick fog in the

air, Mr. Benson resolved to lay to until it cleared away, and we all began to prepare for a good dinner; our cabin guests during the storm had each of them a fine echo in the stomach, and we who had been rocked upon deck had acquired an appetite for any thing but a gale of wind. All our fresh stock had been washed overboard; hen and turkey coops, dove cages, and even the filtering-stones for the water, which his Lordship highly valued, were carried away in the flood. There were, however, preserved luxuries of other kinds; portable meats, preserves, &c., and we had an excellent cook. Whilst he provided dinner, we all bathed, (for in the rear of the cabin were two convenient marble baths,) and then dressed ourselves. Our dinner was a happy one; the glass went briskly round; his Lordship was in great spirits. During these happy moments, so quietly did things move upon deck, that we imagined ourselves under sail, when Captain Benson came down and informed his Lordship the vessel was safe at anchor in Martollo Bay, five miles from the town of St. Fiorenzo.

### THE GRACES.

"We come," said they, and Echo said, "We come,"  
In sounds that o'er me hovered like perfume:  
"We come," THE GRACES three! to teach the spell,  
That makes sweet woman lovelier than her bloom."  
Then rose a heavenly chant of voice and shell:  
"Let Wit, and Wisdom, with her sovereign *Blowdy*  
dwell."

### CALENDAR—JANUARY.

Then came old January, wrapped well  
In many weeds, to keep the cold away;  
Yet did he quake and quiver—like to quell,  
And blow his nails to warm them if he may;  
For they were numbed with holding all the day  
A hatchet keene—Spenser.

JANUARY, in Latin *Januarius*, was so called from Janus, who was supposed to open the gates of Heaven. His temple in Rome was closed during peace, and opened at the commencement of war. It gives a formidable conception of the belligerent spirit of Paganism, to know that this temple was closed but *six* times during 800 years. Once in the reign of Numa; a second time at the termination of the first Punic war; three times in the reign of Augustus; and once in the reign of Nero.

Now the sullen whirlwinds ring;  
Trumpets of the cheerless king!  
Hoary *Winter* from the North,  
Rushing in his grandeur forth  
Forests grown beneath his feet,  
Round him sweeps the bitter sleet;  
Like a giant spectre's pall;  
But a kingly coronal,  
Where ten thousand star-beams glow,  
Fishes round his frowning brow.  
Dead beneath the naked tree,  
Lies the bird, and lies the bee;  
Bound in fetters chill and strong,  
Silent steals the stream along,  
Life o'er all the land is numb,  
Frozen, heartless, loveless, dumb.



### EAR-RINGS, AND EAR-PICKS.

Among the Athenians, it was a mark of nobility to have the ears bored, or perforated; and among the Hebrews and Romans, it was an indication of servitude. Suetonius speaks of the beauties of Augustus's ears; and Ælian, describing the beauties of Aspasia's, observes she had short ears. Martial also ranks large ears among the number of deformities. The ear-rings worn by the East Indians, both men and women, are of an immense size, among whom it is the fashion to lengthen out the ears, and to enlarge the hole by putting in pendants of the size of saucers set with stones. In the West Indies, Columbus named a certain coast Oreja, because he found people with holes in their ears big enough to pass an egg through. They likewise make holes in their lips and nostrils, and hang pendants at them; which is also practised by the Mexicans and other nations.

Ear-picks are instruments of ivory, silver, and any other metal, somewhat in form of a probe for cleansing the ear. The Chinese are particularly fond of entertaining themselves with picking and tickling their ears; this they do either for themselves, or interchangeably for one another, and have a great number of instruments of peculiar shapes and structure, invented for the purpose. But Sir Hans Sloane very justly observes, that the use of them seems very prejudicial; for, that among many people in England who applied to him on account of deafness, the far greater part were thrown into their complaints by too often picking their ears, and thereby bringing humours, or ulcerous dispositions on them.

A fellow with only one ear went into a haberdasher's and asked the woman how much she would charge for a shoe string that would reach from one of his ears to the other, she said one penny, and began to take measure, and finding but one, exclaimed, and said she could not see the other; upon which the fellow said he had left it nailed to a pillory, at York.—The poor woman sorely repented her bad bargain, and determined in future never to sell her goods by the *ear* measure.

### MARGOT DELAYE.

We hear much of Joan of Arc: but no one speaks of Margot Delaye, the heroine of Montelimart. Admiral Coligny (one of the principal protestant leaders in the religious wars of France,) had with his artillery made a considerable breach in the ramparts of Montelimart; already the city was threatened with an irruption, when Margot Delaye placed herself on the open ramparts, followed

by a troop of females; she overthrew whatever presented itself; she drove back the besiegers; and after having left one of her arms in the breach, she bore the besiegers as prisoners into the town. The gratitude of the inhabitants of Montelimart erected a statue to this intrepid woman, which, although much defaced, is yet to be seen.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### TIME AND EXPENSE.

#### TIME.

1. No time to be expended on thought, as nothing comes of it among people of fashion.
2. The wear and tear of time by constant use, to be avoided, as so precious an article ought to be employed sparingly.
3. Time often to be protracted by long and wearisome loungers, by way of making the most of it.
4. When time is heavy with lassitude, and dull with inoccupation, be tender of using it in this torpid and vapourish condition, and endeavour to refresh it by the slumbers of inanity.
5. Make up your mind at once and irrevocably on every question: by these means you save the time that would otherwise be lost in choosing, and need never after waste a moment in hearing what a person has to say.
5. Avoid the acquisition of too many new ideas, which will demand considerable time to arrange themselves in your mind. The fewer your ideas, the more speedily will your measures be taken, and your resolutions formed; it being a much shorter process to determine with two ideas than with half a score.
7. Dispossess yourself as much as possible of all feeling for other men, for this is giving to others a claim on your time; and while you are sympathising with their sufferings, they are stealing a march upon you.
8. Rob others of as much of their time as possible, by way of saving your own. This is a golden rule, and a most ingenious economy.
9. Study your own gratifications in every concern of life, and waste no time in thinking of the sacrifices you make to them, or of their consequences to other men.
10. Let all your time be spent on yourself, and let your constant admiration of your own perfections absorb all the praise that is due from you to others.
11. Fill up your time as much as possible with pleasures that exclude participation: on this account, the time spent in decorating your persons, and in the pleasures

of the table, is worthily employed; for then self is the sole object of it, and not a single moment is not alienated from us.

12. The last and greatest rule is this:—allow no time for works of charity, for this is giving up a portion of our time to duty, which is a greater absurdity than sending presents to Cræsus, or pouring water into the ocean.

#### EXPENSE.

1. All expensive feelings and sensations to be subdued; such as compassion, generosity, patriotism, and public spirit.

3. The money bestowed on horses to be saved out of the education of our children; they are, therefore, to be sent to school when the cheapest bargain can be made for them.

3. To banish hospitality from our bosom, and to ask the company of our friends for the sake of pillaging them at play, and in a view to the *douceurs* which they, in course, leave behind them, and which we divide with our servants.

4. To sacrifice comfort to ostentation in every article of life; to go without substantial conveniences for the sake of shining superfluities; to be mean and sordid under the rose, that we may look like prodigals in public; and to live like beggars in secret, to glitter like princes abroad.

5. To abandon all poor relations, and to make presents only to those who are much richer than ourselves, in the expectation of being gainers at last.

6. To be loud against the ingratitude of the poor, which we have never experienced; and to reserve our charity for deserving objects, which we are determined never to acknowledge.

7. To be active and forward in speculative schemes of charity, which we are well assured can never take place, while we are silently raising our rents, to the ruin of distressed families.

8. To pass by the door of famine with our money glued to our pockets; while to see a new dancer at the theatre in the evening, we draw our purse-strings as generously as princes.

9. To repair to the house of distress, not to dissipate our money in common-place acts of compassion and generosity, but to extort good bargains from hunger and necessity, and to purchase, at cheap rates, the last valuable relics of perishing fortunes.

10. To be lavish of kind speeches, which cost nothing; and to lament when death has come in relief to misery, that the circumstances of so melancholy a case were not known to us in time, to afford us the luxury of exercising our humanity.

#### EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. 14. Vol. II. of *New Series* of the *MISNERVA* will contain the following articles:

POPULAR TALES.—*The Power of Adversity*  
*The Imprudent Husband.*

THE TRAVELLER.—*The Tribes of Caucasus.*

THE DRAMA.—*New-York Theatre.*

BIOGRAPHY.—*Memoirs of Mr. Galt.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*Conversations at Dr. Mitchill's. Scientific and Literary Notices from Foreign Journals.*

LITERATURE.—*The Napoleon Family.*

THE GRACES.—*Colours for Female Dress*

MISCELLANEOUS.—*Credulity.*

POETRY.—Original and other pieces.

GLENER, RECORD, ENIGMAS.

#### THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches.

The Corporation of New-York has at last decided on removing the Bridwell and Debtors' Prison, by which the Park is now disfigured, and to erect other buildings for the same purposes, in a more eligible situation. The Park is to be otherwise improved.

A proposition is before Congress to have all the public lands of the U. S. appropriated and pledged as a permanent and perpetual fund for Education and Internal Improvement.

A company has been formed at Ithaca to promote emigration to Michigan, and agents appointed to proceed to that Territory, to make a suitable selection and purchase of land.

The funds collected at Boston for a Statue of Washington, amount to \$16,000, and Mr. Chantrey, of England, has engaged to execute it, and deliver it on board a ship for \$10,000.

The different pieces offered last summer on the inscription for the Greek Cross have been printed, and will appear this day. The collection is entitled "The Grecian Wreath," and the proceeds of the sale are to be applied to the purchase of a Golden Eagle for the Senate Table of Greece. Yale College has subscribed for a third of the edition.

#### MARRIED,

Mr. W. Baraclough to Miss A. L. Ritter.

Mr. S. Durand to Miss. B. rich.

Lt. S. L. Breese to Miss. F. Hogan.

Mr. J. T. Van Wyck to Miss J. Ellsworth

Mr. J. Solomon to Miss. G. Zuntz.

Mr. Lewis M. Wharton to Miss J. L. Pelsue.

#### DIED,

M. Shaffer, aged 36 years.

Mrs. P. Gray, aged 76 years.



## POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

For the Minerva.

### ODE FOR THE NEW-YEAR.

AUTUMN was lovely when her fading woods  
Assumed the golden tints of evening sky;  
Dear was the lonely music of her floods,  
The plaintive robin's note, and hawk's shrill cry;  
And hollow wind, that breathed its vesper sigh  
O'er the strawn leaves in G—'s deserted bower,  
Where oft with swelling heart and brimful eye,  
I gave my soul to memory's busy power,  
And vanished years roll'd back in one sweet hour.

As round the rifted oak, an ivy flings  
Its mantling wreath of melancholy green;  
So to the years gone by, fond memory clings,  
And spreads its brightening charm o'er every scene  
Of faded grief, and long departed joy:  
And paints in magic tints youth's cloudless dawn,  
Its fervent hope of bliss without alloy,  
Its dream of love, the rose without a thorn,  
That shed its fragrance o'er life's genial morn.

Arrayed in gleaming robes of boreal light,  
Thron'd on the rushing wind, fierce WINTER pours  
The drifting storm, and fields in morning white,  
Bewail their emerald sheen, and vernal showers;  
Fled now are youth's gay dreams of summer flowers,  
And o'er the sorrowing vales and mountains hoar,  
Deep gathering cloud on cloud, the tempest lowers,  
And moans the blast like ocean's sullen roar,  
When angry surges lash the sounding shore.

Stern ruler of the year! thy winds impart  
New vigor to the soul, and half dispel  
Each gay illusion that enticed the heart  
From nobler joys than fancy's treacherous spell  
Feigns to bestow and counterfeits so well,  
Beneath thy skies the patriot passion warms  
A generous train, with health and freedom blest,  
Who love their mountains more when veil'd in  
storms,  
As on the hoary peak when winds molest  
Cling the young eagles closer to their nest.

In fervid climes beyond thy rude domain,  
The hardy virtues take no root, nor there  
Does Independence hold his fearless reign,  
Unfetter'd, lofty, free as mountain air.  
"Thy spirit, independence, let me share:  
Lord of the lion heart, and eagle eye!  
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,  
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky!"  
Adoring still, tho' threat'ning clouds involve,  
Thy lofty aim, and noble firm resolve,

C.

For the Minerva.

### TIME.

Still pressing on thy rude and powerful path,  
Resistless TIME!—how rapid is thy tide!  
Fleet and destroying as the whirlwind's wrath,  
Thy progress leaves a ruin far and wide.

Thou dreaded leveller of human pride—  
And stern avenger of all human crime;  
Who can the shock of thy dark might abide,  
Who can resist thee in thy flight sublime—  
Who can escape thy touch, unsparing TIME?

Eventful Power!—what scenes of joy and ill  
Thou bearest with thee o'er man's destiny;  
Now flowing gently as the murmuring rill—  
Now heaving wildly as the stormy sea—  
Along green banks perchance thy course may be  
Calm and unruffled—soon with sudden roar  
It dashes on a rough and rocky lee;  
A shapeless wreck lies crushed upon the shore—  
Hope's fragile bark—her cruize too quickly o'er.

Ah! wo for man—when life was sweetly young,  
How glowed his heart with nature's early fire!  
How lightly gay life's morning hymn he sung,  
And drank from the fresh fountain of desire;  
How fair the view, in fancy's rich attire  
All bright and gleaming in the morning sun—  
A cloud rose o'er it, daily spreading higher  
Till all the scene was wrapped in shrouds of dun—  
And in the gloomy contest, TIME hath won.

How blest was Beauty in her summer bower,  
Love in her eye, and pleasure in her breast—  
Her cheek all freshness, as the young May-flower,  
Her buoyant heart by sorrow undistressed:  
Fair were the roses her light footstep pressed,  
And fondly echo answered to her lay—  
Coldly thou camest—her lovely form compressed  
In sullen joy unto thy breast of clay,  
And in the clasp her pleasure died away.

Alas! alas! her bower now bleak and lone!  
Couldst thou not spare earth's only paradise—  
Couldst thou not melt at her heart-moving moan  
And pass the spot where such fair flowers could rise?  
Couldst thou not feel the power of her sighs?—  
No—all in vain her anguish and her prayer,  
All unregarded her sad streaming eyes—  
Her Eden-bower, once beautiful and fair,  
Re-echoed with the cry of her despair.

J. G. B.

For the Minerva.

### LIGHT AND SHADE.

When tears bedew the infant's cheek,  
And blight his cherub smile,  
How soon his sobbing griefs we cheat,  
His fancied ills beguile.

And when in manhood's blooming years,  
We hear the plaintive moan,  
Or kindly mark the pleading tears  
Of sorrow's joyless son.

The tear will tremble in the eye,  
And grief awhile will reign,  
Soon joy will chase the demon by,  
And rule himself again.

Thus from the summer's wildest flower,  
The dew-drop flies away,  
And every emblem of the shower,  
Before Sol's laughing ray.

Awhile the storm howls in the blast,  
Destruction's self appears,  
The gladsome arch bursts from the east,  
And joy smiles yet in tears.

And when the chords from minstrel's hand,  
Their sadd'ning notes impart,  
The joyous boy can ill command  
The grief-song of the heart.

He takes the lyre and sweeps the strings,  
While mirth stands laughing by,  
And grief affrighted plumes her wings,  
And sighing flies away.

Thus there are pangs which all have felt,  
But nurstlings of an hour,  
An icy band but wrench'd to melt  
Beneath joy's sunny power.

But when the grief we once have known  
Of disappointed love,  
When pictured joys are overblown,  
And all is dark above;

In vain shall joy delight to wreath  
A band of every flower,  
Or sweetest odours softly breathe  
In morning's gayest hour.

The sun may shine, all nature smile,  
And pleasure strew the way;  
Hope gild the darksome path awhile  
With rainbow's fleeting ray.

But grief returns which none can feel,  
And joy illume again,  
We ask no hand this pang to heel,  
But nurture still the pain.

To the editor of the Minerva.—If the following lines  
are worth an insertion, you can have them at cost.

"Fresh fish from Helicon who'll buy, who'll buy?  
The precious bargain's cheap"—

Finish the couplet if unworthy an insertion.

W. A. S.

Answer.—We buy the fish, and will buy all that may  
come from the same stream,—Editor.

For the Minerva.

#### LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

And shall I dare to trifle here,  
Where many a smoother verse is seen?  
Each speaks a friend to memory dear,  
Recalling moments that have been.

'Tis youthful days alone that blend  
Hearts pure, and souls in unison,  
And fancy oft restores the friend,  
Whom young affection rested on.

And thou may'st often swear to this,  
When time has flown unheeded on,  
And feel again each parted bliss,  
Without a sigh that it has gone.

Thy heart beats light, gay hopes are thine,  
Joy revels in thy smiling eye,  
Ah, may no gathering ills combine  
To hang with clouds so fair a sky.

Why should I fear? that destiny  
Hath ills in store for thee unknown,  
Or that the web of fate for thee  
Was darkly woven like my own.

Is happiness the meed of worth?  
Of purity or virtue's brow?  
I know not, have not seen on earth  
One that has more to hope than thou.

Beauty and youth soon pass away,  
Though all enchanting and divine,  
The charms of soul survive decay.  
And gentle Fanny, these are thine.

Yet fare thee well, the time has come,  
We part perhaps to meet no more,  
Yet thoughts of thee where'er I roam,  
Shall live when joy's last gleam is o'er.

E'en in the darkest hour of wo,  
When hope for aye has fled this breast,  
T'will soothe my heart where'er I go,  
Sweet friend, to know that thou art blest.

W. A. S.

#### ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all,  
Despise not the value of things that are small."

#### Answers to PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Thought.

PUZZLE II.—Noblesse.

#### SOLUTIONS OF ANAGRAMS.

I.—Aldebaran.

II.—Waggoners.

#### NEW PUZZLES.

I.

No rose can boast a lovelier hue  
Than I can, when my birth is new;  
Of shorter date than is that flow'r:  
I bloom and fade within an hour.  
Though some in me their honour place,  
I bear the token of disgrace:  
Like Marplot, eager to reveal  
The secrets I would fain conceal,  
Fools, coxcombs, wits, agree in this,  
They equally destroy my peace:  
Though 'gainst my will to stoop so low,  
At their command I come and go.

II.

Horns though I wear, in yonder sky,  
Astronomers have placed me high;  
The seeds of cruelty I nourish:  
And 'mongst Hibernia's children flourish.

III.

We are little airy creatures,  
Each have different forms and features;  
One of us in glass is set;  
Another you will find in jet;  
A third, less bright, is set in tin;  
The fourth, a shining box within,  
And the fifth, if you pursue,  
It will never fly from you.

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